

Ma'oz Tzur Yeshu'ati, lekha na'eh leshabe'ah.

Tikon beit tefilati, vesham toda nezabe'ah.

Le'et takhin matbe'ah mitzar hamnabe'ah.

Az egmor beshir mizmor hanukat hamizbe'ah.

Rock of ages, let our song  
Praise thy saving power;  
Thou amidst the raging foe,  
Wast our sheltering tower.

Furious they assailed us,  
But thine arm availed us,  
And thy word broke their sword  
When our own strength failed us.

Children of the Maccabees,  
Whether free or fettered,  
Wake the echoes of the songs,  
Where ye may be scattered.

Yours the message cheering,  
That the time is nearing,  
Which will see all people free,  
Tyrants disappearing.

מְעוֹז צוּר יִשׁוּעָתִי, לְךָ נִאָּה לְשִׁבְחָה  
(Ma'oz Tzur Yeshu'ati, lekha na'eh leshabe'ah)

תִּכּוֹן בַּיִת תְּפִלָּתִי, וְשָׁם תּוֹדָה נִזְבַּח.  
(Tikon beit tefilati, vesham toda nezabe'ah)

לְעֵת תִּכְיִן מִטְּבַח מִצָּר הַמְּנַבֵּחַ.  
(Le'et takhin matbe'ah mitzar hamnabe'ah)

אֶז אֶגְמֹר בְּשִׁיר מִזְמוֹר חֲנֻכַּת הַמִּזְבֵּחַ.  
(Az egmor beshir mizmor hanukat hamizbe'ah)